

T H E
BRITISH ANTIDOTE,
O R,
SCOTS SCOURGE.

Containing twenty-two, *Anti-ministerial, Political and Comic Prints*, Published in the Year 1766; for; and, against, the *American Stamps and Cyder Acts, &c.*

To which is given, one Sheet of Letter Press, of all the Humourous Essays, with Explanation to each Plate.

V O L. V.

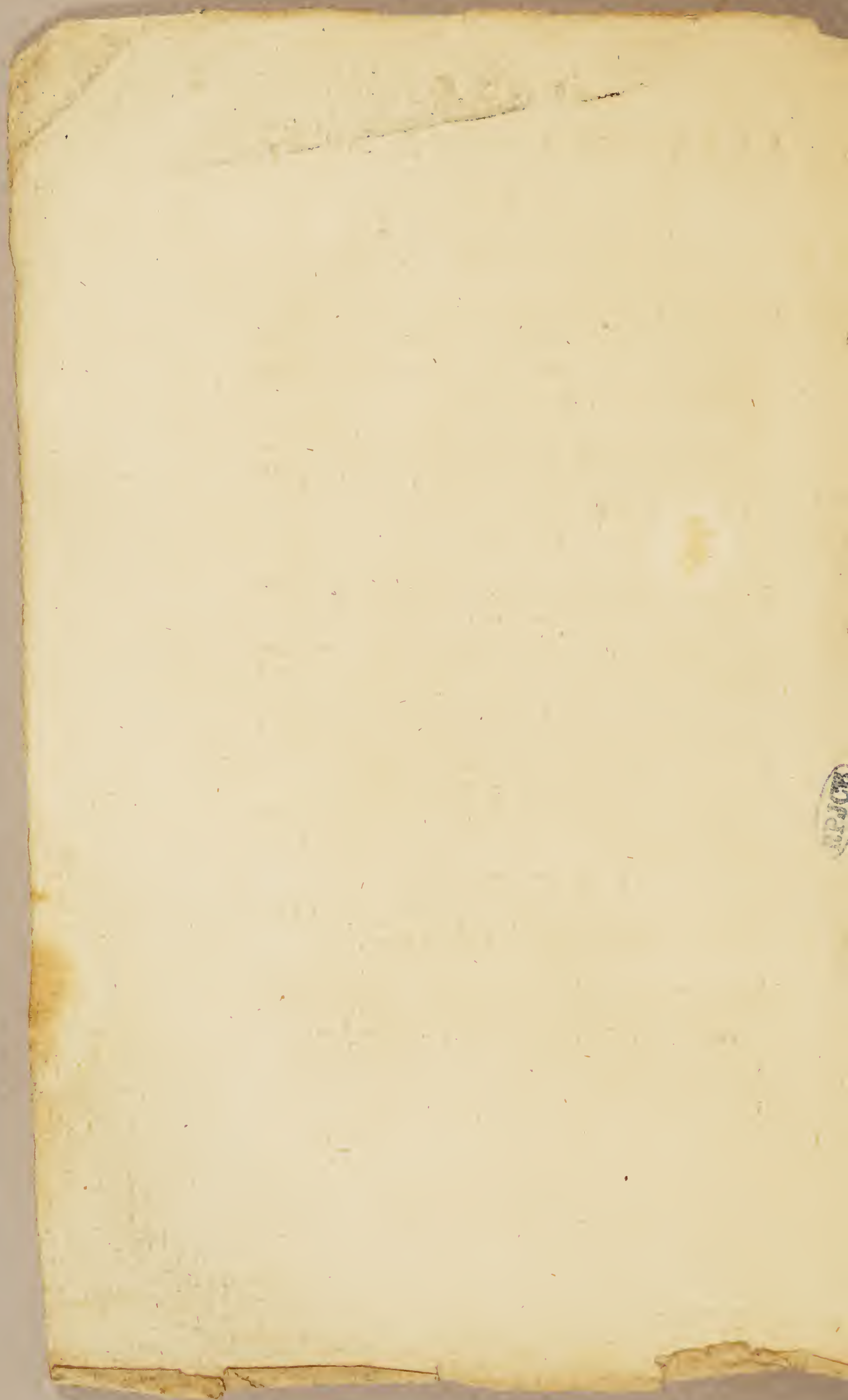
N. B. The following Prints; marked with * are Originals, some of which were never before published.

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| 1 The Frontispiece * | 12 Old Woman taught Wisdom * |
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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. PRIDDEN at N^o 100 in *Fleet-street*. Price only Two and Six pence, sew'd.

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BRITISH ANTIDOTE,

A N D

SCOTS SCOURGE.

VOL. V.

Plate 2.

REPRESENTING the DEPLORABLE STATE of AMERICA under the Influence of, her Ruin is attempted, at the *Top*, is a Figure representing *France* holding in one *Hand* a *Purse* of Money to a Comet, marked with a Jack Boot, out of her Mouth a Libel, by which we find the Star to shed its baneful Influence on *Britannia*, who presents a Box to *America*, telling her it is the St—p A—t, on the Box is wrote Pando-ras's Box fill'd with Calamities, *America* who is in Deep Distress, calls out to *Minerva* to secure her, for she abhors it as Death, but *Wisdom* forbids her taking it and points to *Liberty* who is Expiring at the Feet of *America*, close by it is a fair Tree inscribing to *Liberty* at whose Root grows a Thistle, from under it creeps a Viper and infixes its Sting in the Side of *Liberty*,—*Mercury* who signifies Commerce, reluctantly leaves *America*, *Boras* near the Comet blows a violent Gust full upon the Tree of *Liberty* against Royalty, leans, and expresses her Fear of losing her Support, behind a Number of Ships haul'd up to be sold, a Crowd of Sailors dismissed, on the other side a Gallows with this Inscription, fit Entertainment for St—p M—n, a Number of Excisemen with Libels expressing,

Thro' the Wood Laddie, or the Gentle Shepherd.

Plate 3.

SEE here is *Sejanus*, exalting over the gentle Shepherd, who receiving now the Reward of his past Services: while the Duke of *Spitalfields*, and *Jemmy Twitcher* are waiting to wipe his A—; Ah, how the Mighty are fallen,

REPEAL. Plate 4.

THE Hero of this Print is the gentle Mr. Stamper, who is carrying to the Family Vault his favourite Child, in a Coffin, Miss AME STAMP about twelve Months old.

Anti Sejanus, who reads the Burial Service, is the first in the Procession.—After him follow Two Pillars of the Law, supporting Two Black Flags: on which are the usual Stamp, consisting of the *White Rose* united with the *Thistle*, supposed to have been originally contrived on the *Tenth of June*. The expressive Motto of *Semper eadem* is preserved: but the Price of the Stamp is changed to *Three Farthings*, which the *Budget* explains; and the *small Numbers*, which are pointed at, are too contemptible to deserve Notice by the Majority. The Chief Mourner, *Sejanus*, follows Mr. Stamper. Then Two remarkable Personages, the celebrated *Weaver* and Lord *Gawkee*: after them *Jemmy Twitcher*, with his Friend and Partner Lord H——. To B——s conclude the Procession. Upon the Fore Ground are two large Bales of Black Cloth and Stamps returned from *America*.

The unhappy Gang are separated from the joyous Scene that is opposite, on the other Side of the River *Thames*: where, along the Shore, are *Open Warehouses* for the Goods of different Manufacturing Towns now shipping for *America*. In the River are three First rate Ships, the *Rockingham*, the *Grafton*, and the *Conway*. Among the Goods shipping off, is a large Case, which is wrote upon a *Statue of Mr. Pitt*: this is heaving on board a Boat Number 250. There is another Boat nearer the First rates, taking Goods in also, and is numbered 105.

N B. The two Skeleton Heads, upon the Vault were Monsters born in the Rebellions of the Years 1715 and 1745.

The

The Statue of *Anti-Sejanus*. Plate 5.

ANti-Sejanus with his Head bound with Leaves of Virginia Tobacco, supporting in his Right Hand a Scroll of Stamps, in his Left a Branch of the Cyder Apple-Tree, leaning on a Desk of the *Custom-House*; *Horror* staring him in the Face, with *Repeal* written on his Breast: on the one Side *Jemmy Twitcher*, with a Scroll in his Hand, whereon is written, the *Funeral Anthem of Miss Ame Stamp*, the Words by *Anti Sejanus*, set to the Music of a favourite Piece called, *Margaret's Grimly Ghost*, with proper *Chorusses* by himself: on the other Side, the *Duke of Spitalfields*; each admiring the Statue: Behind it, is the Gentle Shepherd, or Mr. *Geo. Stamp*, (the Designer of this elegant Piece of Sculpture) executed by *Col. Sedition*, who at present is much engaged in getting some other capital Pieces of Sculpture ready for further Exhibition, therefore could not possibly honour this stamping Assembly with his Presence at this Time; in his Hand are two Scrolls, the one a Plan of the *Family Vault of the Stamps*; the other, an *Elegy* for the Loss of his favourite Child *Miss Ame Stamp*, written by *Anti-Sejanus*. *Sir Bullface Double-fee* on the Fore Ground on one Side, and *Lord Gawkee*, alias *Stowe*, and Mr. *Alex. Scotburn*, on the other: at the Foot of the Statue, a Weavers Wife, kneeling, with two Infants, ragged and starving. On the white Marble on the Pedestal on the Right Hand, is the *Inscription*; on the Left, the Subscribers Names.

The Rumgrumblers of Great Britain.

A Song. Plate 6.

Replete with good Sense and Ridicule, upon the different Parties, who rail alternately at Peace or War, without ever being satisfied with either,

Tune,

Tune, *The Roast Beef of England.*

GOOD People attend (if you can but spare time)
To a grumbling Poet, who grumbles in Rhyme,
To sit down in Silence—is now deem'd a Crime.

*O the rum Grumblers of England!
And O the Old English Grumblers!*

When St—f—n miscarry, and Things go awry,
The Coffee House Grumblers their Rancour let fly,
And snarl, snap, and worry—yet know not for why,
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Muckle Glee fills the heart of brave Sawney the Scot,
Because he has sily the upper Hand got,
The *Englishman* grumbles—because he has not.

O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Some *Grumblers* possess'd of more Money than Sense,
Complain of the Land-Tax, the War and Expence,
That *Conquest* brings ruin—they plead for Defence

O the rum Grumblers, &c.

The poor People grumble about the strong Beer,
Our Soldiers and Sailors too grumble for Fear,
Of loosing the *Dollars*—they hope to bring here.

O the rum Grumblers, &c.

The *Pittamites* grumble at *Hogarth's* new Print,
With Countenance crabbed, they just take a Squint,
And swear from * *John Bull* he has pilfer'd the Hint.

O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Old *Formal* exclaims thus against the Q—n's A—,
“What pity the Author unpunish'd should pass?”
“Let them grumble, cries *Hal*. while I add to the Mass.”

O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Thus grumbling and growling from Morning till Night
The Nation remains a terrible Plight;
For Grumbling will never—set Matters to right.

O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Then let us not into such strange Madness fall,
And loudly for *Peace*, and no *Peace* rave and bawl;
But pray for a good one—or else none at all.

*O the rum Grumblers of England!
And O the Old English Grumblers!*

* *John Bull's* House in Flames. See Vol. 1. Plate 13:

The Scots Yoke, or, English Resentment.

A New Song. Plate 7.

To the Tune of, *The Queen's Ass.*

O F Freedom no longer let *Englishmen* boast,
 Nor *Liberty* more be their favourite Toast;
 The Hydra *Oppression*, your Charter defies,
 And galls *English* Necks with the Yoke of *Excise*,
The Yoke of Excise, the Yoke of Excise,
And galls English Necks, with the Yoke of Excise.
 In vain have you conquer'd my brave Hearts of Oak,
 Your *Lawrels*, your *Conquests*, are all but a Joke;
 Let ar--f-ly *Peate* serve to open your Eyes,
 And the d-n-ble Scheme of a *Cyder-Excise*,
A Cyder-Excise, a Cyder Excise.

And the d-n ble Scheme of a Cyder-Excise.
 What though on your *Porter* a Duty was laid,
 Your *Light* double tax'd, and encroach'd on your Trade,
 Who e'er could have thought that a *Briton* so wise,
 Would admit such a *Tax* as the *Cyder-Excise*.

The Cyder-Excise, &c.

I appeal to the *Fox*, or his Friend *John a' Boot*,
 If tax'd thus the *Juice*, then how soon may the *Fruit*?
 Adieu then to good *Apple puddings* and *Pyes*,
 If e'er they should taste of a cursed *Excise*.

A cursed Excise, &c.

Let those at the H——m, who have fought to enslave
 A Nation so glorious, a People so brave;
 At once be convinc'd that their Scheme you despise,
 And shed your last Blood to oppose their *Excise*.

Oppose their Excise, &c.

Come on then my Lads, who have fought and have bled
 A *Tax* may, perhaps, soon be laid on your *Bread*;
 Ye Natives of *Worc'ster* and *Devon* arise,
 And strike at the Root of the *Cyder Excise*.

The Cyder-Excise, &c.

No longer let K——s at the H——m of the St——e,
 With fleecing and grinding pursue *Britain's* Fate;

Let

Let Power no longer your Wishes disguise,
But off with their Heads—by the Way of *Excise*.

The Way of Excise, &c.

From two *Latin* Words, *ex* and *scindo*, I ween,
Came the *hard Word* EXCISE, which to cut off does
mean;

Take the Hint then, my Lads, let your *Freedom* advise
And give them a *Taste* of their fav'rite *Excise*.

Their fav'rite Excise, &c.

Then tofs off your Bumpers my Lads, while you may,
To PITT and Lord TEMPLE, huzza, Boys, huzza!
Here's the King that to tax his poor Subjects denies,
But pox o' the *Schemer* that plann'd the *Excise*,

That plann'd the Excise, that plann'd the Excise

But pox o' the Schemer that plann'd the Excise.

The TYBURN INTERVIEW,

A NEW SONG. Plate 8.

By a Cyder-Merchant of South-Ham, Devonshire.

Dedicated to JACK KETCH.

To the Tune, *A Cobler there was, &c.*

AS *Sawney* from *Tweed* was a trudging to Town,
To rest his tir'd Limbs on the Grass he sat down
When growling his Oatmeal, he turn'd up his Eyes,
And kenn'd a strange Pile on three Pillars arise.

Derry down, &c.

Amaz'd he starts up, "Thou Thing of odd Form,
That stand'st here defying each turbulent Storm,
What art thou? Thy Office declare at my Word,
Or thou shalt not escape this strong Arm and broad
Sword,"

Derry down, &c.

Quoth the Structure, "Altho' I'm not known unto thee,
Thy Countrymens Lives have been shorten'd by me;
To strike thee at once, know that *Tyburn's* my Name,
In *Scotland*, no Doubt, you have heard of my Fame.

Derry down, &c.

When

When arm'd all rebellious, like Vultures you rose,
 A Set of such Shagbrags you frighten'd the Crows;
 To rid the tir'd Land of such Vermin as you,
 I groan'd with receiving but barely my Due.

Derry down, &c.

And still I'm in Hopes of another to come,
 For *Tyburn* will certain at last be his Home;
 He'll come from the Summit of Honour's vast Height,
 With a Star and a Garter to dubb me a Knight."

Derry down, &c.

His passion now *Sawney* no more could contain,
 " My Sword shall now prove all thy Hopes are in
 " vain ;"

So saying, he brandish'd it high in the Air,
 When strait a *Scotch* Voice cry'd out—*Sawney* forbear.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

The Phantom that spoke now appear'd in a Trice,
 And to the scar'd *Scotsman* thus gave his Advice:
 " Calm thy Breast that now boils with Vexation and
 Rage,

And let what I speak thy Attention engage.

Derry down, &c.

No longer with Fury engage this old Tree,
 His Back shall bear Vengeance for you and for me;
 For know, my dear Friend, the Time is at Hand,
 When with *Englishmen* *Tyburn* shall thin half the Land.

Derry down, &c.

The Case is revers'd by a good Friend of ours,
 All Treason is *English*, and Loyalty yours:
 Posts, Honour, and Profits, all *Scotsmen* await,
 While the Natives shall tremble, and curse their hard
 Fate.

Derry down, &c.

The War is no more, and each Soldier and Tar,
 The Strength and the Bulwark of *England* in War,
 And coming to prove our Friend's deep Penetration,
 As the first Sacrifice to our *Scotch* Exaltation."

Derry down, &c.

Here

Here ended the Phantom, and sunk in the Ground,
While the blue Flames of Hell glar'd terrible round;
When for *London* young *Sawney* around turn'd his Eyes,
Where he march'd for a Place in the *new rais'd EX-*
CISE.

Derry down, &c.

Ye national Schemers, come tell me, I pray,
Your Intention in this, *To bring more Scotch in play?*
For this must the Tax be enforc'd with all Speed,
For Thousands are coming between *here* and *Tweed*.

Derry down, &c.

Ah! hapless *Old England*, no longer be merry,
Since *B—* has thus tax'd your Beer, Cyder and Perry
Look sullen and sad, for now this is done,
No Doubt, in short Time, they'll tax *Laughing and Fun*.

Derry down, &c.

Yet let the proud Laird who presides at the Helm,
Extend his Excise to each Thing in the Realm:
A Tax on *Spring Water* I think would be right,
For *Water*, 'tis known, is as common as *Light*.

Derry down, &c.

Meat, Butter, and Cheese, "By my Saul that will do!
"Twill affect all the *Land*, and bring *Money* in too;"
Proceed, my good Laird, may the *H-l-r* or *A-e*,
Reward you for laying each *infamous T--x*

Derry down, &c.

AN EPIGRAM.

Written Extempore, by an Exile. Plate 9.

This is the House that JACK is building.

AS I pass'd by the Quagmire near *Berkley Square*,
I beheld such a Sight as oblig'd me to stare;
The Sons of cold *Hebron* with *Trowel* and *Hodd*,
Were raising a Temple to *GISBAL* their God.
English Bricks on each other were laying by Scores,
All strongly cemented with *French Louis-d'Ors*.

Unhappy

Unhappy *Britannia*! this grand stately Roof
Of *Bondage* to come is too glaring Proof;
In Time then awake, and instead of a Palace,
To the Joy of *Old England*, erect him a *Gallows*.

It's all of a Peace. See Plate 9.

A most excellent Satire on the Deficiency of those Heads who have the Management of the Peace, and of the little Monkey who fiddled away the Conquest upon the Pillar of Fame; with the stanch Patriotism of a noble Commander, whose Opposition to such Measures is very well known, and applauded by the Public.

Scotch Impudence, or the Northern Grinder.

Plate 10.

A good general Satire on People who submit to be imposed on by their Inferiors, by giving them a Power they always abuse; in particular it may always be applied to any Prince or Princess who suffer themselves to be influenced by Favourites.

Plate 11.

1

FIRST you see Old fly Volpone y.
Riding on the shoulders brawny.
Of the muckle Favourite Sawney.

Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

2

Near him little Master Dowd-a.
Of his apple play thing proud-a.
His thumb cuts and roars aloud-a.

Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

3

Him behold see pretty Rocky.
In A Bib and Bantlings Frocky.
Whips and Gallops like a Jockey.

Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

⁴
There behold young Charly Grinning.
With his Whirligig a Spinning.
Laughs like one that's sure of Winning.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

⁵
Who is that that Rocks the Cradle.
With his Head so light and addle.
That's old Gammer Fiddle Fiddle.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

⁶
He's their Nurse and sure they need him.
Pretty Babes in Strings to lead 'em.
And with Pap of State to feed 'em.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

⁷
What tho' now they're crows and mute-a.
Soon they'll learn to speak for B-a.
Or be Whip'd without dispute-a.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

⁸
Did you ne'r at Southwark Fair o.
See an old Head grin and Stare-o.
Thro' a little bantling Chair-o.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

⁹
Here's a stranger sight and bolder.
That will charm each new beholder.
Infant Heads on Dotards shoulders.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

¹⁰
Oh how blest must be the Nation.
Where such monsters are in fashion.
And possess the Administration.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

The Old Woman taught Wisdom.

GOODY Bull and her Daughter together fell out,
Both squabbled and wrangled, and made a damn'd
Rout;

But the Cause of their Quarrel remains to be told;
Then lend both your Ears and the Tale I'll unfold.

Derry down, &c.

The old Lady it seems, took a Freak in her Head,
That her Daughter, grown Woman, might earn her
own Bread,

Self applauding her Scheme, she was ready to Dance,
But we're often too sanguine in what we advance.

Derry down, &c.

For mark the Event: thus by fortune we're crost,
Nor should any one reckon without a good Host:
The Daughter was sulky, and wou'd n't come to,
And pray what in this Case could the Old Woman do?
In vain did the Matron hold forth in the Cause,
That the young one was able; her Duty, the Laws,
Ingratitude vile, Disobedience far worse;
But, she might e'en as well have sung Psalms to a
Horse.

Derry down, &c.

Young, froward and sullen, and vain of her beauty,
She tartly reply'd, that she well knew her Duty,
That other Folk's Children were kept by their Friends,
And that some Folks lov'd People but for their own
Ends.

Derry down, &c.

She sobbed and blubber'd, she bluster'd and swore,
If her Mother persisted, she'd turn common Whore,
The old Woman thus threaten'd fell down in a Fit,
And who in the Nick, should hop in, but Will P.-tt,

Derry down, &c.

Zounds! Neighbour, quoth he, what the Devil's the
Matter,

A Man cannot rest in his House for your Clatter,

Alas!

Alas ! cries the Daughter, here's dainty fine Work,
The old Woman's grown harder than Jew or than
Turk.

Derry down, &c.

She be d—nd, cries the Farmer, and to her he goes,
First roars in her Ears, then tweaks her old Nose,
Holla, Goody, what ails you ? Wake Woman, I say,
I am come to make Peace in this desperate Fray.

Derry down, &c.

Adfooks ope thine Eyes, what a pother is here,
You have no right to compel her, you have not I swear,
Be rul'd by your Friends, kneel down and ask Pardon,
You'd be sorry I'm sure, should she walk Covent Gar-
den.

Derry down, &c.

Alas ! cries the old woman, and must I comply,
But, I'd rather submit than the Hussy should die,
Pooh, prithee be quiet, be Friends and agree,
You must surely be right, if you are *guided by me.*

Derry down, &c.

Unwillingly aukward, the Mother knelt down,
While the absolute Farmer went on with a Frown,
Come kiss the poor Child, then come kiss and be
Friends,

There kiss your poor Daughter, and make her a-
mends,

Derry down, &c.

No thanks to your Mother ; the Daughter replied ;
But Thanks to my Friend here, I've humbled your
Pride,

Then pray leave off this Nonsense, 'tis all a meer Farce,
As I've carried my Point, you may now kiss my —

Derry down, &c.

*An Hieroglyphic Letter from a certain Lady
to a certain Lord.*

Plate 13. and 14.

The ancient Egyptians were very famous for this
Kind of Writing, and it has been pretty much used of
late in political Affairs, in England. Upon proper
Perusal, the Characters and Objects of this Letter ex-
plain themselves to the Satisfaction of the Reader.

Excise alamode, or Sawney's Oeconomy.

Plate 15.

Which, with the Head-piece, sufficiently shews the Inconsistency of such a Scheme, and at the same Time how little Reason we had to imagine it would ever have passed.

Ha! ha! ha! What a Figure the Rustics have here made of the great Projectors of this famous, or rather infamous Scheme; would they were not merely Effigies, and that the poor *Cyder Makers* had a more substantial and real Revenge.

Gloria Mundi.

Plate 16.

This Print was trumped up by Sejanus and his Party, against the Great Commoner; who they have placed on the Globe: blowing thro' a Pipe, blubbers of his Popularity; while the Mob below are sounding his Praise; on the right Side is a Figure modelling a Crown into a Commonwealth's Hat.

Tombstone.

Plate 17.

The late Duke of Cumberland's Tomb; one side is Britannia, and on the other is America weeping for their Loss; his Enemies are dancing on the Top. Viz. Sejanus, Geo. Stamp, the Duke of Spittal-fields; with Anti-Sejanus in a shape of a Monkey, moved by Jemmy Twitcher in one Hand; and in the other, the Tail of Lucifer playing them all a Tune on the Bagpipe, behind are two Bishops well known: On the other side is Donald of Hallifax coming to join in the Dance, the Flag supported by Lord Gawkie.

Colossus,

D767
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(16)

Colossus, or *Pitt* on Stilts.

Plate 18.

The Great Commoner, now Earl of C—— is here placed on Stilts, one fishing Sedition in America, or raising the Sense of those brave People against the Stamp Act, the other fixt in the City of London: who was then his true Friend; and two Crutches, one fixed on his Pension, the other hovering over St. Stevens Chappel: where now he is a Member its to be hoped for the Good of his Country, as well as himself: but Time will bring all to our View.

Plate 19.

See Oeconomy filling the Scales holding by George Stamp the well known Father of Miss Amie Stamp: Pitt tells them they should keep their Conquest to pay the National Debt: while the Americans are groaning under the Yoke; but now are relieved by the Earl of C—m, a sincere Friend to his King and Country.

Plate 20 explains itself.

Plate 21.

Here's Pitt, Temple, Wilkes and Churchill, the true Supporters of English Liberty, now expiring in the Arms of P—t, and is deliver'd from Scottish Faction:

The State Puppet-show.

Plate 22.

None but the Devil himself, and a S——h Minister, could have exhibited such a Scene. The Actors too are all subservient to the Will of the Managers, tho' greatly disgustful to the Spectators in general.

F I N I S.